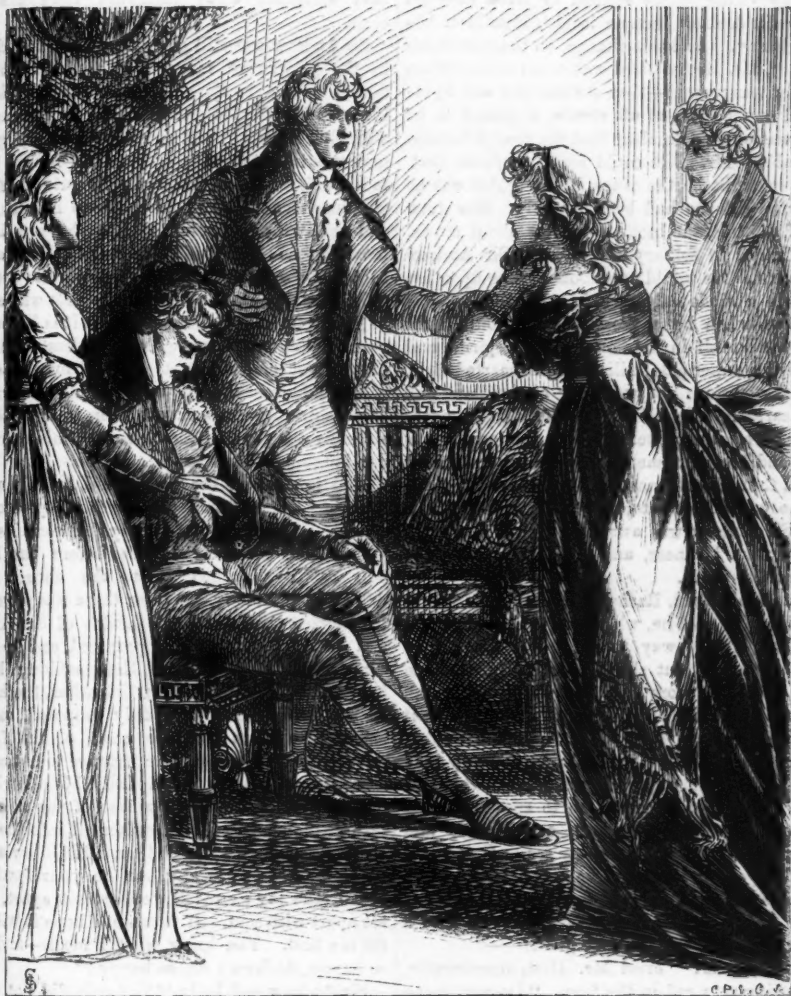


# THE QUIVER

Saturday, July 14, 1866.



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"A stoppage of the heart for a moment."—p. 675.

## THE M'GILLOWIES OF M'GILLOWIE.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH, AUTHOR OF "A LIFE DRAMA," "ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD," ETC. ETC

### CHAPTER III.

IF during the earlier weeks of his visit at M'Gillowie House Mr. Hett was puzzled by the conduct of Sir Andrew, during the closing weeks he was

still more puzzled by the conduct of his daughter. He could not in the least make it out. When he arrived in Scotland, his prospective son-in-law was at times taciturn and morose; and then suddenly,

and for no reason that he could divine, the young man became as gay, brilliant, out-spoken, as full of spirits, talk, and jest, as when he had known him in Devonshire. This was all very pleasant, but, unhappily, when Sir Andrew came to his former self, from her former self his daughter went away. The two young people seemed to have changed places—Sir Andrew became bright, Miss Hett became gloomy. And this change, on the part of his daughter, Mr. Hett noticed was never visible when her lover was present—then she was gay and light-hearted enough, or, at all events, appeared to be so; it was only when alone that the change became observable. Mr. Hett could see at a glance that, whatever might be the cause, his daughter was no longer the girl she had been formerly. She grew fond of solitude, she became careless about music, she indulged in solitary walks when Sir Andrew was absent. He would occasionally come upon her sitting in a windowed recess in a meditative attitude, and when he approached she would start up, clothe herself in fictitious, girlish spirits, and rattle away in her old, brilliant, light-hearted style. On such occasions she was only too brilliant and light-hearted. Like all actors, she slightly overdid her part. Her father felt that her gaiety was forced and her merriment hollow. This not only puzzled the old gentleman, it pained him extremely. On one occasion, he took counsel with his wife while Sir Andrew was away for a couple of days on important business, and Miss Julia was more than usually silent.

"I can't make out, Rachel, what has gone wrong with our girl," said he, when they were alone, and Julia had stolen away to her friend the housekeeper's room; "but she has decidedly taken to mope. She is no more like what she was, than an autumn lark is like a spring one. I can't make it out at all. Can you?"

"Remember she is a young bride, Geoffrey, and young brides are always melancholy. Young girls in the position of Julia are, so to speak, leaving the land to which they are accustomed, and venturing out into an unknown sea. It is quite natural for our dear girl to be melancholy—I was melancholy myself, when I was situated like her. She is about to lose a mother's care, to lose a mother's counsel, and the dear girl is——"

"Fiddle-sticks!" cried Mr. Hett, irreverently, and getting very red in the face. "Do you mean to say that you were not precious glad to marry me, and escape from the tyranny of those aunts of yours, the old tabbies, who did not so much as leave you a silver spoon in their wills? Don't tell me. Young brides are always melancholy, are they? Sorry to lose dear father and mother, are they? Who forces them to leave father and mother, then? Do you mean to say that Julia would give a single hair of M'Gillowie's head for

our entire bodies? Not a bit of her. Stuff and nonsense! I hate such sentimentality. You're worse than the girl herself."

And here Mr. Hett flung himself out of the room, seized his gold-headed stick, and went out to walk himself into a good temper on the moor that stretched away backward from the sea-cliffs.

Sir Andrew was still gay and at ease, and chatted in the pleasantest manner with Mr. Hett after dinner over a bottle of claret. Miss Julia was like a spring day, bright while her sun shone, but with chill mornings and evenings. The old gentleman was in a state of bewilderment—he had talked to his wife on the matter, and only put himself into an unreasonable rage; he spoke to his daughter, and received the assurance that she was happy, most happy. He could not make it out, and at last, like a sensible man, he gave up the attempt. "Women will always be women, girls will always be girls," he said to himself; "and it is beyond the power of any man thoroughly to understand them." He had not long to trouble himself, for in a couple of weeks he and his wife and daughter returned to Devonshire, and in a month thereafter to Devonshire Sir Andrew M'Gillowie started, his marriage-day laughing in his face.

And to describe the marriage, I frankly confess my incapacity. There were wedding-presents, of course, and a bevy of pretty bridesmaids, and young girls strewing flowers before the happy pair as they walked up to the church door. After the ceremony was over, there was a wonderful luncheon, at which the health of Sir Andrew and Lady M'Gillowie was proposed, and to which Sir Andrew replied—Mrs. Hett sobbing behind her handkerchief the while; thereafter, the healths of the bridesmaids were duly proposed, and responded to by a bachelor uncle of the family. What is perhaps of more importance to notice, was that when Sir Andrew and Lady M'Gillowie had driven away, and were quite free of the noise and racket, the young wife threw herself into the arms of her husband, crying, "I am a M'Gillowie now, Andrew; if there is any ban on your family, of that I take my share; if you are set apart, I am set apart with you. If it beats, I hope it will beat for me first. You know what I mean—and I am so happy, Andrew; oh, so happy!"

Sir Andrew and Lady M'Gillowie did not arrive at home till the autumn, and the hunting season had set in, and in a week thereafter the house was filled with company. The young laird was proud of his wife's beauty. He was anxious to introduce her to his neighbours; he was anxious also to stand in more friendly relations with the resident gentry than had been customary with his family; and, accordingly, invitations had been sent out broadcast, and as these invitations had been readily

responded to, the house was more populous than it had ever been in the memory of the oldest servant.

There was a stir of unwonted voices on the stairs, fires were burning brightly in the old apartments, and the ancient mirrors for the first time for half a century reflected unfamiliar faces. It was the day of the hunt, and a dozen scarlet coats loitered about on the terrace after breakfast, waiting the arrival of Lord Broadford. In a short time his lordship arrived, and her ladyship too, in her low phaeton with the grey ponies, meaning to stay a couple of days.

Lady Broadford, alighting, was met by Julia, who came running down the steps, and frankly held up her face as to the salute of an elder sister. The two ladies became friends at once. Lady Broadford was charmed with her young neighbour's vivacity and girlish grace, Julia was attracted by the elder lady's frank smile and cordial ways.

When the ladies had gone in, Lord Broadford mounted his hunter, which had been stabled at M'Gillowie House since the previous day, and carried Sir Andrew and his half-dozen scarlet-coated friends with him to the meet at Dinglewood Hill, where the hounds were waiting. Here the thickets and furze were drawn, and at last a fox was found which took to the open, and away the whole field went after him at a rasping pace. Life was dear to Reynard, and so with the hounds, men, and horses at his heels, he held straight away to St. Mary's Wood, but was run into and killed before he reached his sanctuary. Sir Andrew gained the brush; it was a splendid run, every one said—there never had been a better in that part of the country; and talking about it, and about other splendid runs, the splashed hunters and the drooping horses—while the autumn sun was setting on the leafless thickets, and the red fields newly ploughed for the early spring wheat—returned to M'Gillowie House to dress for dinner.

This was the first trophy which Sir Andrew had won in the hunting-field, and, naturally elated, he went direct to his wife's dressing-room to tell her the good news. Thereafter he dressed himself and went down-stairs to give directions to have the brush hung in the hall. That done, he was about to return, but passing the drawing-room door, he heard voices. Pushing the door open—it was half ajar at the time—he entered, and found Lord and Lady Broadford, already dressed, standing up at the mantelpiece near the fire.

"You are early down, Broadford," he said. "There's nothing like a twenty miles' run for giving a man a good appetite."

"My dear fellow, I wouldn't have been here for half an hour yet, but Lady Broadford insisted that she heard the summons to dinner, and so I had to dress in a way that a lazy man does not like. You see, my dear, that I was right after all—there was no need for being in such a flurry."

"I hate to wait myself," said Lady Broadford, "and I hate to keep people waiting—"

"It was all imagination on your part, my dear; I told you so. It was perfectly ridiculous, my dear."

"But I assure you, Broadford, that I heard it quite distinctly, and it's too bad to laugh at me."

"Never heard of such a thing in my life," said his lordship.

"What is the matter in dispute?" asked Sir Andrew, with a sudden coldness coursing through his blood.

"Did not one of your people beat a drum outside a little while ago? I thought probably it might be the dinner signal in this house, and told Broadford so."

"Fancy the dinner gong being supplemented by the drum—it's too absurd! But, my dear M'Gillowie, what's the matter?—are you ill? Ring for a little cold water, Ann."

Sir Andrew's face had blanched up to the roots of his hair. He was faint with a mortal faintness. He swung giddily, and felt as if he must have fallen forwards. Lord Broadford caught him by the arm, and Lady Broadford, with a face of fright, had her hand on the bell-pull.

"Don't ring, don't ring," Sir Andrew whispered, huskily, while the perspiration stood in cold beads on his cold forehead. "It's a mere trifle, this sudden illness—a stoppage of the heart for a moment, which I have felt before once or twice. Don't speak to Lady M'Gillowie of what you have seen or heard, it will cost her her life if you do."

And then the low growl of the gong was heard, which increased in loudness till its reverberating thunder was heard over all the house, and its echoes had hardly died away, when two gentlemen entered the drawing-room laughing, and after them came Lady M'Gillowie, with a light whisk of silk and a delicate perfume which hit the sense.

"How like a ghost M'Gillowie looks!" said the one gentleman to the other, as they came forward.

Lord Broadford raised his hand warningly, but the gesture was unheeded, and the next moment Lady M'Gillowie caught a glimpse of her husband's face. She knew that only one thing could have changed him so. She screamed, attempted to rush forward, and would have fallen, had not one of the gentlemen caught her.

It was late in the year now, and the big setting sun no longer flamed in front of Halycross, making blaze the fishermen's windows. He set earlier, and at an angle to the north. The winds began to pipe in the dim evenings, and the sea to become turbulent. Fishing was suspended for a season; the boats were dragged up on the beach; our tarry, many-breeched, and many-booted fishermen no longer sat and smoked on the jetty, with

one standing up, with his hand curved over his eyes, searching the sunset for a sail. On one evening of the late autumn, the firelight in Tom Flucker's kitchen was dancing and flickering on the crockery ranged above the dresser; the floor was tidily swept; Mrs. Flucker was darning her husband's stockings (they had no children, the honest people, and Grace's attentions were therefore concentrated upon Tom), with her trimly-hosed legs stretched out toward the fire-light, and the feet crossed. As for Tom himself, he had replenished his pipe, and was lighting it with a red cinder, which he had caught up from the fire by the broken tongs. Mrs. Flucker darned in silence; Tom's tobacco would not light somehow, and so he puffed and puffed, and pursed his face, and uttered exclamations of impatience between whiles. At one of the more audible of these Mrs. Flucker said,

"Man Tam, what are ye sweerin' at? Dinna ye mind this is Saturday nicht, and jist afore the Sunday?"

Tom made no reply. He got his pipe lighted, and then the small cuckoo clock, which ticked on the wall, all at once gave a loud *birr*, and proceeded, in a sharp, jerky, important way, to strike seven. The clock had no sooner relapsed into silence, after giving a sort of self-congratulatory cluck, when a low tap was heard at the door, and immediately after the latch was lifted, and Maggie Kennedy walked straight into the fire-light, her cheek flushed, and the rain, which had begun to fall outside, sparkling on her hair and face. Tom withdrew his pipe from his mouth when she entered, and, with a twinkle in his eye, exclaimed—

"Oh, thae lads! thae lads! Has that ne'er-dowell, Menzies—"

"Whist, Tam! whist!" said the girl; "I'm in nae humour for nonsense the nicht. Did ye hear," she went on, turning to Mrs. Flucker—"did ye hear what has happened up at the Hoose?"

"What has happened?" said Mrs. Flucker, letting the stocking drop into her lap.

"What is't?" said Tom, laying down his pipe on the hob, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and preparing to listen.

"It's jist as I jaloosed," went on the girl; "they ha'e brocht that purr thing, Leddy M'Gillowie, to an ill nest. Ye'll ha'e heard o' the drum that beats for the M'Gillowies when death or any misfortune is gaun to befa' them?"

"Ay; it's an auld story that, Maggie," said Tom.

"Weel, Sir Andrew and Leddy M'Gillowie gied a great dinner party to the gentry aboot. Lord and Leddy Broadford were there. And when her ledlyship was looking at hersel' in the glass, jist to see if her dress was snood and trig, she heard the drum beatin' outside; and, being a stranger to the ways o' the hoose, she thocht that it was the signal for dinner, and sae she hurried doon to the drawin'-room, carryin' his lordship wi' her. In the drawin'-room there was naeboddy, an' sae they waited an' waited, an' at last they fell to disputin' what could be the meanin' o' what they heard; an' while they were arguin' an' disputin', Sir Andrew cam' in, an' they asked him. He knew the meaning ower weel, an' implored them no to tell Leddy M'Gillowie—purr thing! An' jist as he was speakin', the gong sounded, an' the ledly cam' in wi' some ithers, an' saw Sir Andrew standin' at the mantelpiece wi' a face as white as a sheet; an' then she cried oot something that frightened them, and fented. An' sae they gied her hartshorn, an' brocht her roon, an' put her to bed. An' Sir Andrew then desired his guests to gang awa'—altho' the dinner was jist laid, an' the servants standin' behint the chairs: an' awa' they gaed, some in carriages, some on horses. An' then Sir Andrew locked up the rooms—a' the siller plate and wine-decanter, no to speak o' the soop still on the table; an' warned aff every ane o' his servants, tellin' them that he was gaun abroad. An' they ha'e gane. Wull Wilson, the coachman—he's looking oot for a place noo—telt me. They gaed awa' the following day; an' the braw M'Gillowie Hoose has naeboddy in't noo, an's left to the magpies and the craws."

"An' the dinner things standin' on the table!" said Mrs. Flucker, in open-eyed wonderment.

"Ay; but the soop 'ill be cauld, an' the dust thick in the glesses, an' the speeders 'ill ha'e woven their wabs across the mooths o' the wine-decanter, afore Leddy M'Gillowie comes back."

### WEE ROSIE MARY.

**R**VE an airy little fairy,  
And her name is Rosie Mary.

All her pleasures, all her treasures,  
All her busy little leisures:

All her flurries, and her hurries;  
E'en her tiny griefs and worries:

All her motions and emotions,  
All her guileless, childlike notions:

All are teeming in my seeming  
With the food of joyful dreaming.

And the rattle of her prattle  
More to me is than mere tattle:



'Tis a prelude to the mellowed  
Thoughts that are with music fellowed.

Love of antic—garbs romantic—  
Making kitty sportful-frantic :

Hours employing in enjoying  
Freaks with dolls, and kitten's toying :

Now demurely, quaintly sewing ;  
Now joy-glowing to o'erflowing :

Lightly tripping, swiftly skipping,  
Urging wooden horse with whipping :

Ringlets dancing, golden-glancing,  
Ruddy sun their glow enhancing :

Cheeks the very hue of cherry ;  
Eyes of blue with sparkle merry :

Smile of simple-cunning dimple ;  
Laughter like the river's whimple :

This my fairest little fairy is,  
Thus my sweet wee Rosie Mary is.

Be it ever my endeavour  
Joy to help her find for ever.

B.

"THROUGH THE ACADEMY."



HIEF among the attractions of London during May and June is the annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. For months previous, everywhere in London guesses are made relative to the success of the approaching exhibition; for months subsequent, criticisms are everywhere passed upon the pictures. When it became known this year that Mr. Millais was not to exhibit, there was a general belief amongst his thousands of admirers that this Academy would be a failure. But though our greatest painters are scarcely adequately represented in this exhibition, it may be considered, as a whole, quite up to the average. We have only space here to call attention to a few of the most striking features in this year's exhibition. Three pictures, by Miss Edwards, Mr. Houghton, and Mr. Morten, we mention first, not that they are by any means the most important paintings in the Academy, but that these artists are regular contributors to the illustrated pages of this Magazine. Mr. Morten's and Mr. Houghton's pictures labour under the disadvantage of being badly hung—the latter too low, the former too high. "Mending Jack-in-the-Box," by Mr. Houghton, is a charming picture of an old gentleman, mending that toy for two little children, who seem thoroughly to enjoy it. The old man's face is all that could be desired. It was, however, exceedingly ambitious of the artist to venture on making the back of a child's cane chair the most objective feature in the picture.

Mr. Morten has given us an exceedingly interesting and beautifully-dressed woman, pleading with a sentry to be let see a prisoner on whom he stands as guard. This picture has the additional disadvantage of not being finished, which is probably the cause of its occupying a very high position. It has much merit in respect of expression and colouring of the details, but the artist has given too high a colour to the guard's face. Emotion of the kind depicted here sends the blood, not to the face,

but to the heart. Excepting that some of the flowers in the background are too large, Miss M. E. Edwards' picture, "Evening," is almost faultless. A charming young girl—and our readers know how beautifully Miss Edwards can draw women—in a russet dress, stands in the twilight, examining a glow-worm which she holds in her hand, and which sheds a marvellously-depicted lustre around. We must now content ourselves with noticing some of the most characteristic pictures in the Academy, and which have already called forth much favourable and unfavourable criticism in the public press. Mr. Maclise exhibits the "Sketch,"—i.e., the perfectly-finished oil-painting—of the "Death of Nelson," which he made preliminary to transferring the picture to the large space on the walls at the House of Lords, facing his famous "Battle of Waterloo." The chief objection which has been taken by the *Times*, in its notice of this Exhibition, to Mr. Maclise's great work is, that it is too confused—that the principal figure is lost amid a crowd—in fact, that Mr. Maclise has painted the battle of Trafalgar rather than the death of Nelson. The simplest answer to make to such criticism is, that this picture must be criticised as it appears on the wall at Westminster, and not as it is in its reduced style in the "Sketch." The picture may be "crowded" when spread only over a few feet of canvas, and by no means so when painted on many feet of a large wall. The shape of the panel into which the water-glass picture must go, is also, probably, the most unfortunate shape possible (a long parallelogram) that could have been chosen for such a subject. Mr. Maclise did not select this shape, but was compelled to adapt his picture to it.

Many pictures, but especially the three by Mr. Nicol, "Both Puzzled," "Paying the Rent," and "Missed It," have been accused by the *Pall Mall Gazette* as being untrue to Nature, because much exaggerated in the expression of the emotions which are sought to be depicted. We think, how-

ever, the critic is in error who supposes that "exaggeration," especially in humorous art, detracts from the true merit of a painting. There is a certain amount of "exaggeration" always necessary to direct attention to the amusing points in some characters. To attain, without exceeding, that proper extent of exaggeration, is the duty of the real artist. For instance, in the pages of the well-known *Punch*, the drawings of eminent statesmen, which so continually appear, are really never portraits—they are always exaggerations. Yet bearing in mind the object with which they are drawn, they are generally admirably like the originals—in a sense, more so than many finished portraits; and why? Because the characteristic individualities of each particular face are slightly exaggerated, that is, our mind is impressed very strongly with the particular points in which each face differs from other faces. In all art which aims at being humorous, we believe this mode of treatment to be perfectly sound. Tried by this standard, Mr. Nicol's pictures of the rustic master and pupil, both looking puzzled at the question which the latter has propounded; the Irish countryman gazing foolishly into vacancy, while the bird he has missed flies unharmed behind; and the "Rent Day," with its multiplied expressions of roguery, 'cuteness, and stolid independence, are all worthy of the great reputation of the artist.

Mr. Leighton contributes to this Exhibition a very remarkable picture, representing a procession of maidens accompanying a Syracusan bride to Diana's Temple. As the picture is founded upon an incident in the second Idyl of Theocritus, Mr. Leighton is scarcely justified in introducing two sneering-looking Roman figures into the painting, as the Roman domination was subsequent to the period when the great Syracusan poet wrote. The general arrangement and colouring and painting of the faces are, however, of the very highest order. There is in this picture a flower-girl not unworthy of Titians, and more than one face that would do no discredit to Paul Veronese.

We have only space left us to mention Mr. Ward's admirable painting of "Amy Robsart and Leicester." Charming Amy, looking all lovely in her new countess-ropes, holds the George, which hangs pendent round Leicester's neck from the blue ribbon of the Garter, while he, harsh and deceitful lover, tells her the high rank of that noble order. Mrs. Ward—and the mention of this lady's name reminds us that as the list of Associates is extended, we trust some ladies will be admitted to the honour—exhibits an excellent picture of "Palissy the Potter," when all his splendid workmanship is shattered by an accident on the day

he had invited his friends to inspect the works and behold his success. The face of one little child, who crouches near the fireplace, is the only point to which we take exception. Mr. Faed's painting of the "Wappenschaw," representing an assembly in the Highlands, some half century ago, is a marvellous piece of accurate painting, and excellent grouping. Mr. Faed is a little too careful in his mode of putting in every figure, and the result is that this great painting is to be regarded rather as a number of admirable individual studies, combined in one frame, than a single artistic effect. Sir Edwin Landseer's name appears to three pictures—one of a mare and her foal under a canopy, on which some monkeys recline, is painted, as Sir Edwin always paints animals; but "Lady Godiva's Prayer," being simply a naked figure on a horse and an ugly old woman standing beside, and a sketch of "trophies of the chase," are quite beneath the artist's great and well-earned reputation. A picture called "Clarissa," by Mr. G. D. Leslie, is one of the very best pictures exhibited this year. A lady is walking by a pond reading a book; the shadow of evening creeping on; the accessories of a little bridge, a trim garden walk and wall, almost Dutch in their primness, and an old house, red-bricked and covered with creepers, suggested by, we should imagine, spots at Hampton Court, are all so admirable as to defy adverse criticism. We feel the quietude of the evening as we look upon this charming composition. "Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Embassy after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew," in a hall draped with black, is an excellent painting by Mr. Yeames; and "Miss Lilly's Carriage stops the Way," an exquisite little bit of unaffected simplicity, painted by Mr. Haylar.

It would be unpardonable, even in this slight sketch of the chief features in the Academy, not to mention Mr. H. O'Neil's "Death of Raphael." It represents the scene on that Good Friday, the thirty-eighth anniversary of his birth, when the great Italian died. Around his bed are grouped the participators of his fame—Giovanni da Udine, Giulio Romano, Gianfrancesco Penni, and his friend Cardinal Bibiena. While through the open window in the clear blue light of the Italian sky are visible the obelisk of the piazza of St. Peter's and the summit of Monte Mario, lit up with the rays of the setting sun. Amongst landscapes, which we have no room left to examine Mr. P. Graham's splendid painting, "A Highland Spate," occupies a foremost place; and of portraits, we must name one of "Claude, Son of N. Montefiore," Esq., by Mr. J. Sant, which strongly reminds us of Gainsborough.

## HEROD AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK.



THREE Herods are mentioned by that name in Scripture; and, unless they are carefully distinguished from each other, our idea of their characters will be clouded.

The first was he who strove to cement his throne with the blood of infants at Bethlehem. The cruel commandment was given in his last illness; and that same year, with the curses of mothers ringing in his ears, and the slaughter of innocents fresh upon his conscience, he stood before the bar of God, the would-be murderer of his Messiah. He appears no more upon the scene.

Another slew James, the brother of John, simply to gratify the Jews. A miracle rescued Peter from his hand; and at Caesarea, while aspiring to the style of a god, he felt the stroke of an angel, and yielded his life to worms.

Herod Antipas occupied the space between. He was the tetrarch from whom Joseph and Mary turned aside with the infant Jesus into Galilee. It is he whom we find, at a later period, joining with his ribald soldiery in the torture and insults of his Messiah. In the meantime, let us observe his relations with John the Baptist, of whom he is the gaoler, and soon to be the murderer, yet whom (as Mark tells us) he knew to be "a just man and an holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly."

There is a strange contrast between these two men. One was reared in the purple, and therefore luxurious in his habits, as well as naturally self-indulgent. At this very time he was guilty of open sin with the wife of his living brother, his own wife also being alive.

The other was that rough and impetuous man whose cradle was in the wilderness, whom the people knew as a trumpet-blast of conviction and of dread, an eye that withered pretences when it looked upon them, a "Voice" that shook to its centre the national heart, compelling even Pharisees and Sadducees, for the moment, to cast their indifference aside, and come to be baptised of him. He who fed on the locust and the chance honey of the wilds, whose clothing was of hair and leather, with what eye would he regard the silken ease and downy vices of the palace?

Yet, when they looked upon each other's faces, the crisis in both lives was come. The life of the Baptist was in Herod's hands; but for the king, much more than life depended upon his treatment of that rugged man. The former was called to the crown of them who are faithful unto death; the latter inherited the woe of him who offended.

We fix our eyes upon the conduct of this bad man, not to upbraid his buried vices, but to learn some living lesson; for evil, like good, is unchanging in its essence, and the shortcomings of other ages are enacted again to-day.

1. Every warning is itself a danger.

John might have saved Herod, and did for a time produce a deep impression, but his failure left him worse than ever. The most desperate case is not that of him who has done most evil, but of him who has resisted most importunity for good. Richer harvests, in proportion to the reapers, are gathered among the idolaters and cannibals of heathenism, than at home, among the sleek and respectable despisers of two sermons every week. The thundering rush of cataracts is unheard by the dwellers upon their banks; and a time comes when the neglecter of Moses and the prophets will not believe, though one rose from the dead.

2. Good dispositions are not, in themselves, the slightest grounds for confidence.

Many a one feels justified in pitying those who have no love for what is pure and godlike—in trembling for those who are ignorant of the struggles of an awakened conscience, or the desire for what is above out of their sight. For himself, he honestly desires to improve; he sometimes makes a passionate stand against his vices; he has even managed to break off some ill habits; and he, therefore, hopes at a future time to find God interfering to make him all that in his better moods he would desire to be.

A wise friend would easily confound such a dreamer. He might ask, If tears and struggles were followed by relapses on the instant, why should they be stronger after months? If pardon did not come upon the spot, what was there to bring it upon a death-bed? and, if partial amendments were a title to salvation, why do we blame the Romanist, who expects to be saved by works?

The case of Herod is painfully appropriate. The rage has just now died away which caused him to imprison John, and but for the people would have led to his death. Admiration for his plain-spoken courage has replaced it; he now hangs upon his words; he stands between the Baptist and the spleen of Herodias; he perhaps believes that he keeps him in prison only to shield him from the plots of that unscrupulous and cruel woman.

Here is a great step gained. Such candour and reflection are certainly uncommon among tyrants. The case is becoming hopeful! And hearing was not all, for he "did many things." We picture to ourselves luxuries disused, oppressors feeling the justice which they never dreaded until now, and

poor men rejoicing in the unlooked-for bounty of their king. Who would not say that Herod was proving his sincerity? Who could blame the Baptist for hoping that God was about to honour the daring and self-denial of his rebuke, by plucking this brand out of the burning? Yet, in view of the issue, we cannot but think of John Bunyan's terrible reflection—"I saw that there was a road to hell from the door of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction." The young man in the Gospel wanted but one thing, and even Jesus loved him; yet, although sorrowful, he went away. Felix determined to hear more of what was good. Agrippa was almost converted to the faith. Herod also sends up the blade as rapidly as the rocky ground in the parable, but a little heat will wither it.

3. When a man ventures to serve two masters, he offers a deadly insult to one, a fatal advantage to the other. When he throws a sop with one hand to conscience, and with the other to the flesh, surely there is laughter in the pit.

Herod, at all events, was fatally deceived, and dreamed of no danger, until taken in a snare so sudden and cunning, that we cannot but pity a weak and hesitating man, called upon for so abrupt a decision—compelled to break his oath, violate his honour, and face the contempt of his own nobility, or give up the Baptist to his foes. We say truly, that he should have acted upon his convictions even then. But is it by months of indecision and

wavering, of poorly sacrificing half their convictions, and meanly doing good by stealth, that souls are stung to that high temper, in which strong temptation is but an opportunity of doing right more gloriously?

These things are written for our learning. Like Herod, we cannot escape for ever: sooner or later, we too must take our side. At one time Christ and his Spirit are at our ear, and they say, "With all advantages, undisturbed and calm, choose now;" but some time Satan will draw near, and say, "Amid all temptations, dizzy and bewildered, choose now, and choose for ever."

4. Herod is proof that one sin leads to another and greater sin. He begins with a sinful indulgence. That enrages him against a teacher who might otherwise have brought good news to him. The next step is murder, and the murder of one whom he reveres. Then the voice of a greater teacher, instead of being eagerly welcomed and joyfully received, awakens only some fearful looking-for of judgment; not the godly sorrow which is a sure sign of life, but the corroding remorse that worketh death. "It is John whom I beheaded," cries the guilty wretch; but, instead of repenting, the case appears desperate, and men were sent from him to tell Christ to depart, or he would kill him.

Such are the dangers of delay. So, though always the door stands open, the sinner's feet may wander far away upon the dark mountains hopelessly for ever.

## A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR OWN CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### A FEAST-DAY IN FLORENCE.



ONE of the days of our sojourn in Florence was that on which the Feast of St. Joseph is held (19th March). From my acquaintance with the high festival days of the Church of Rome in other parts of the Continent, I had anticipated spending a very entertaining day under the patronage of St. Joseph; but I regret to say I was miserably disappointed. St. Joseph must be a rainy saint, for it rained in torrents all the live-long day. In addition to this, all the picture galleries and other places of interest were closed; the shops were closed, much more generally, indeed, than on the preceding day (Sunday). We could therefore see nothing; we could buy nothing; we could go nowhere; Florence was like Jericho, "straitly shut up." Only the churches were open, and these were dull enough. It may be easily guessed that for visitors desiring

to make the most of their time, all this was sufficiently annoying, and I must confess we bore the infliction with a not very patient mind. All the anticipated pomp and ceremony came to nothing; the expected processions did not appear; even the promised fireworks of the evening dared not face the weather.

But I felt I must see something, so I strolled out upon this dreary festival to take my chance of a Florentine "holiday." In the churches a few sorry litanies were being chanted in honour of St. Joseph, and at Santa Croce a monk was holding forth to a handful of people, under a black canopy extending over half the area of the church, and giving a funereal aspect to the whole affair. I turned, as a last resort, to look at the placards on the walls of the city, and there I found the most grotesque pictures and caricatures, of a semi-religious and semi-political character, representing the Pope, the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of Austria, and other notabilities, in the most uncomplimentary way, holding them up to ridicule





*Drawn by PAUL GRAY.]*

*[Engraved by DALZIELS.*

"And very often she sent for me  
To be her guest in that quiet place."—p. 683.

and contempt. Some of these I had already observed in Turin. There were one or two of these caricatures that seemed to have been designed for the occasion of the festival; and I had an opportunity of observing how it was that what was being worshipped within was being caricatured without. A large cartoon was largely circulated, professing to represent "the true St. Joseph"—in the foreground an altar, and *Joseph* Garibaldi standing beside it. The altar-lights were represented by arms piled—muskets for candlesticks, and bayonets for candles; and *Guiseppe* Garibaldi standing as the high priest beside that altar of Liberty—"the true St. Joseph!" I was far from feeling any sensation of pleasure in witnessing this contempt heaped upon religion. All this caricaturing meant that religion itself was despised in the eyes of the people; for they know as yet of only one religion, and that is the religion of Rome. They have tried this, and have found it wanting, and knowing no other or better faith, they have revolted from religion altogether. This is the melancholy aspect of "Italy in transition." I rather fear it may be more truly called, "Italy in reaction." The cartoons and caricatures are accompanied by a considerable quantity of letter-press; and the series is called by the significant title (*Anglice*) of "The Electric Shock."

I also observed on the walls of the city placards announcing a public meeting to be held in the Teatro Pagliano, and from conversation that morning I understood that the assembly was to be of a political character, having as its object the assertion of Mazzini's right to take his place in the Italian parliament. Mazzini had been elected for Messina, but had not been permitted to take his place in the senate. A public meeting convened in the Italian capital, and not far off from the national senate-house, for such a purpose, would naturally awaken some interest even in the mind of a stranger. I have myself taken some little interest in the modern transition of Italy; and partly for this reason, and partly for the sake of witnessing a public political meeting of Italians in their own country, I repaired to the theatre in which the meeting was announced to be held. A vast crowd of people thronged the open space in front, which is just at the corner turning into the square of Santa Croce. I despaired of gaining admission, but observing a small stream of men coming out, I felt that they must have left room somewhere within, so I adventured into the crowd at the door, and by dint of a little screwing and squeezing, I found myself in the vast and magnificent Pagliano. The theatre is oval in shape, with rows or tiers of boxes to the roof all round, except, of course, over the stage. I should think the building would hold eight or ten thousand persons. It was full—over-full—every part of the house, to the topmost boxes, a

wonderful height for hearing or seeing anything. The stage was not full, but I suppose only the chief "actors" of the day were admitted there. The meeting opened by the reading of telegrams and letters from democratic societies throughout Italy, declaring their sympathy with the object of the meeting, and promising their sanction and co-operation. The first speaker (I suppose the chairman) delivered a panegyric on Mazzini and Garibaldi, and expressed a hope that the banner of liberty might soon be unfurled from St. Mark in Venice, and from the Campidoglio at Rome. This good wish for the finality and completeness of Italian Unity was hailed with deafening cheers. The nature of public applause here is more demonstrative than in England. Their ordinary plaudits are all *fortissimo*; but, then, they do not cheer as often as we do, which I consider an improvement on our system. An Italian audience waits for the really pungent points, and then delivers its fire with great guns—hands, feet, and voice all joining in the expression of approbation; and when eight or ten thousand people join together in this way, you may well imagine the effect. The loud and vociferous cheer finishes off with a delicate hissing sound, which serves as a light fringe to a heavy robe, or is as the dashing spray after the fierce roll of the tramping surf. Some of the speakers—and some of the best, too—spoke for fully ten minutes before they elicited any expression of applause; but when they at last brought out their climax, they were cheered to the very echo.

Mario (the husband of our English Jesse White) spoke well; and while he was working himself and the meeting up to high-pressure point, a hitch occurred, which rendered the affair still more interesting. Mario's speech was interrupted by the appearance of a delegate of police, who announced to the chairman that he could not allow the proceedings to continue, and that he must dissolve the assembly. This interruption was the signal for clamour and violence, that for more than a quarter of an hour caused a suspense of business. Some cried one thing, and some another; all rose to their feet, and it was hard to say what would come next. But the most astonishing of all was, that the meeting was allowed to resume its work. Only one more speaker, however, addressed the meeting, when the chairman said something more; a resolution was formally read, and the meeting broke up about twelve o'clock. One of Garibaldi's sons, Ricciotti, was observed in the crowd, and received the hearty cheers of the people. The meeting has not had the desired result, for I find by the papers that the Italian parliament has annulled, by 107 votes against 9, the election of Mazzini for Messina. It is said he will be elected again, and the same process, I suppose, will be repeated.

I have said that the fireworks did not come off;

but we had an exhibition, however, on a small scale, and for private view. The little incident was recorded at the time, and may serve as a lesson to all whom it may concern, both at home and abroad. It is as follows:—

Hotel Victoria. It was late, past twelve o'clock. I was in my bedroom, standing at a chest of drawers, writing the narrative of my journey. A cab had just driven up to the door of the hotel, and I heard it rolling off again. Just at that moment a most unearthly noise struck upon my ear—screaming, shrieking, battering, tattering, slamming; then screams again, and louder still; and then an awful crash, as though a thunderbolt had fallen through the roof for the destruction of us all. I thought, at first, that some one, mad with drink, had come into the hotel, and was doing all sorts of mischief; but the uproar and noise increased to such an extent that nothing short of a dozen murders at the same time could account for such a row. I hastily snatched up a candle, and hurried out of my room in the direction of the noise, just about the time of the aforesaid awful crash. I found one of the attendants—"Boots," or some one like him—rushing about in a frantic manner, half-dressed, with an unlighted lamp in his hand. This man was crying out, "*Feu! feu!*" (fire! fire!), and as I could observe neither sight nor smell of fire, I thought he wanted light, so I lit his lamp with my candle, and away he rushed up-stairs, and I after him. All along our march were people, half frantic with fright; women with children clasped in their arms; servants rushing hither and thither; and such a tremendous clatter and noise. At last the real

cause was discovered. One of the bedrooms was found all in a blaze, and the unhappy occupier of the room had been having a death-fight, and was now pacing about in fright and panic in his night-dress, while the rest of us tried to do what we could to extinguish the fire. Now be it known to all travellers, at home or abroad, that this wretched man had placed his candle too near the curtain (light gauze curtains, too), and the result was an immediate flare-up, and then a general conflagration of bed and bedding, bed-clothes, and everything. The poor fellow, in his fright, had lost his presence of mind; and having either locked his door, or not being able to find the way of opening it, he screamed for help, and shrieked for his very life, and rushed again and again with a furious charge against the door. It must have been with a tremendous physical effort. And still he charged, and battered, and screamed, and dashed himself against the door of his burning prison, until he had fairly flung the panel clean out into the lobby. At this crisis a gentleman of our party arrived upon the scene, and was the means of rendering the first help, by pouring a few jugs of water upon the flames. Others by-and-by joined him, and in due time the flames were extinguished, yet not before a considerable amount of damage had been done. It was some time before the excitement of the household and visitors had sufficiently subsided to restore all to peace and quiet. So we finished up with fireworks, after all!

We are to start early to-morrow morning on our southward journey—straight away to Rome.

(To be continued.)

## COUSIN LUCY.



COUSIN LUCY had dark brown eyes,

Such as we only expect to see,

Where they are raised to cloudless skies,

On the sunny shores of the southern sea.

Cousin Lucy had nut-brown hair,

With a little waving that would not go,

But lingered on, like a rumour there,

Of days when locks were allowed to flow.

Cousin Lucy had pale, thin face,

Where the rose tint seemed afraid to stay,

But only lent it a passing grace

To rob it more when it fled away.

Cousin Lucy—she lived alone,

In a little house by the river-side:

Nothing of all her past was known,

In a far-off land had her father died.

Then Cousin Lucy came over the sea,

And greeted us all with her silent face,

And very often she sent for me

To be her guest in that quiet place.

And Cousin Lucy—I loved her well,

For she let me see that her heart was great;

But she never broke away the spell

Which guarded her past and future fate.

Cousin Lucy would smooth my hair,

And check herself in a shivering sigh;

But for all her kindness I did not dare

To look in her face, and ask her—why?

So Cousin Lucy, one summer morn,

Lay in her bed with a sweeter smile

Than her pale, thin face had ever worn

Since she had dwelt in her native isle.

And Cousin Lucy came forth no more,


To meet our love with her silent face;

The history no one had read was o'er,

And she was safe in a better place. I. F.

## DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE LOST RING.

 H, mamma! it is still raining fast," said little Annie Rivers, who was standing by the window, watching the rain as it came down slowly and steadily, promising a wet afternoon. "We shan't be able to go out to-day, mamma," said Annie. "Oh, what a long afternoon this will be!"

"I fear it will, Annie, if you stand looking out of the window. Why don't you amuse yourself in some way? you have not finished reading the book your uncle brought for you yesterday."

"No, mamma; I don't seem to care about finishing it; after all, it is none of it true. I used to think all the little boys and girls I read about really existed, but I have lost all interest in reading them since I find they are only imaginary. I do like true stories—something that has happened."

"Well, Annie," said her mother, "if you bring your work, I think I can tell you something that will interest you very much, for it is chiefly about Nurse Jane."

"Oh, yes, mamma," shouted Arthur and Harry, as they threw down their playthings and ran to their mamma, who began as follows:—

About a year after I was married, I went in the autumn, with your papa, to spend a few weeks at Brighton. We procured apartments facing the sea. It was charming weather, and we enjoyed our little trip greatly; but, about a week before we left, I was so unfortunate as to lose a valuable ring, which was a present from papa just before we married. I dropped it, as I supposed, from my finger to the floor; I saw it fall, but could find it nowhere. I had the drawers moved, and the fender taken up, but to no purpose; still, I was not very uncomfortable about it, for I felt convinced it must be somewhere in that room, for your papa remembered perfectly well having seen it an hour before. However, we searched in vain, the ring could not be found. When we left the apartments, Mrs. B— had the carpets taken up, but it still remained a mystery. I never expected to see my ring again. It was three years after this, one cold day in February, I was obliged to go into Regent Street on business; that was a morning of misfortunes: I lost a pair of gloves I had just purchased, and a boy caught his foot in my dress, although I had taken the precaution to tie it up. I was wondering what I had better do, when a poor orange-girl, who was standing by, offered to pin it up for me. I offered her a penny, which, to my astonishment, she refused to take, saying she did not wish to be rewarded for so trifling a service. I was much struck with her manner and appearance,

and asked her several questions respecting her parents and home; I learnt that she was an orphan, and had only lately come from the country; she informed me she could do plain needlework well, and had been trying to get employment; she earned only a few pence by selling oranges. I felt interested in the poor girl, and told her to call at my house next morning, for I had some work I wanted finished immediately. She thanked me, and said she would be sure and come early. I employed her for nearly three weeks; when one morning I gave her some handkerchiefs to mark, and told her my initials—C. M. R., I noticed she looked surprised and thoughtful. When she left the house, I heard her say to the servant at the gate—

"What is your mistress's name?—is it Rivers?"

"Yes, it is," said the girl, roughly; "but what do you want to be so inquisitive for? what does it matter to you what her name is, so long as she supplies you with work, and pays you well?"

This speech was entirely lost upon Jane. She looked round as if quite undecided what to do, and then walked slowly away. The next day, when she brought back the work, she said—

"Excuse my asking, ma'am, but are you Mrs. Charles Rivers?"

"Yes," I said; "but why do you ask, Jane?"

"Did you go to Brighton about three years ago?" she inquired.

"Yes," I said, more puzzled than ever.

"Do you not remember, while staying there, visiting an old woman of the name of Brand, when she was in great distress, and gave her a black dress and bonnet when her husband died?"

"Yes, I remember perfectly well," I replied.

"I am her daughter Jane, ma'am. My mother died soon after you left Brighton." And then she took from her pocket a little box, which she gave to me, saying, "This belongs to you, ma'am."

I opened it, and sure enough there was my lost ring. I could not be mistaken, for my initials were on it, and the date of the year. "Jane," I said, "how did this come into your possession?"

"Well, ma'am, it certainly was in a most extraordinary manner," said Jane, smiling. "When my poor mother died, I had all her things, and among them the black dress you gave her. I was altering it one day, when I felt something hard in one of the tucks. I unpicked a little piece, and, to my great surprise, I found this ring. I examined it, and saw your initials upon it. I concluded it must have fallen in where it was undone, and worked its way round the dress. I resolved to restore it to you, if possible; but I only knew you lived somewhere near the Kensington Gardens."



Since I have been in London I have made many inquiries; but, until yesterday, when you told me your initials, I could hear nothing satisfactory."

"How can I ever reward you, Jane?" I said; "you do not know how I value this ring."

"I then inquired more closely into her circumstances, and found she had by no means a comfortable home, so I took her as housemaid. She was a quick, tidy girl, and soon became a valuable servant, and after Annie was born, she became nursemaid, for she was fond of children, and so gentle and kind."

"And she has been our nurse Jane ever since, mamma," said Annie.

"And here she comes with the tea-things," shouted Harry.

"Tea-time!" exclaimed Annie. "Oh! mamma," she said, laughing, as she saw a smile on her mother's face, "what a short afternoon this has been!"

E. N.

#### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Whose wicked children were engulfed alive?
2. Whose son could well and furiously drive?
3. The only daughter God to Jacob gave.
4. The land which Haran left to find his grave.
5. Where were the foremost men of Judah slain?
6. Where did Elijah refuge seek, in vain?
7. What governor Darius letters sent?
8. Whence Sisera to conquer Canaan went?
9. Whose daughter saved her people in their need?
10. Whose wife of Israel's armies took the lead?
11. Who wrote the prophecies his mother taught?
12. Who much to hinder Nehemiah sought?
13. What chamberlain of Esther had the care?
14. Whose son bid Ahab of his death beware?
15. Whose son did Jeremiah's words subscribe?
16. What judge of Israel slighted Ephraim's tribe?
17. A king, who after a victorious reign,  
Was by his two sons at the altar slain.

Of all thy gifts, O Lord, we pray,  
Send on us from above,  
That which endures and bears with all  
Thy first, best gifts of love.

## KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### THE MOUERNERS AT THE FUNERAL.

**U**NABLE to suppress the restlessness that during the long, solitary day Edina had felt, she resolved in the afternoon on taking a walk beyond the precincts of the garden. She went out into the high road in the rear of the house, from whence she soon diverged into a pleasant shady lane, careless of where it might conduct her. Edina walked nearly half a mile, when the path brought her into a wide space, and just before her were the open gates of a cemetery. She entered, her heart beating, and her mind instantly full of recent events, and her share in them. Mrs. Tregabbitt had effectually prevented her maid Jessy from leaving the house, as that worthy had intended, by giving her so large a task of cap-decorating and dress-altering that gossiping, even on the theme of the outcast's funeral, was for the time-being impossible. The principal walks of the cemetery were free from visitors, and as Edina passed along by the quiet graves, she felt that her living grandfather was far less of kin to her than was the un-owned dead.

When she had reached the end of the centre walk, she saw, across an intervening space, a group at a remote corner of the ground, and recognised a clergyman in their midst. She hastened to get nearer, and when approaching heard two boys, who were lingering in the rear of the funeral, say: "Nobody owned her. She's been laid in the dead-house now a matter of three or four days."

"But it aint a parish funeral, though," responded the other.

"No," said the first; "the ladies at Rivercroft have paid for the burying. I ought to know, for my sister Betsy's housemaid there."

So then her prescience was correct—it was her mother—her wretched mother's funeral!

Drawing down her veil over the brim of her hat, and leaning for support against a headstone, Edina stood and listened to the words of the burial service. Her eyes were tearless just then, while her heart swelled painfully. But for the support against which she leaned, she must have fallen.

No one noticed her, and she remained immovable. Soon the rite was over, and the undertaker, who took the part of chief mourner, and the few village loiterers who had attended, all followed the clergyman as he departed—the gravediggers alone remaining, and, as their day's work was nearly done, making all speed to fill up the grave.

Fearing to attract notice, and really unable just then to walk, Edina sank down on a grave behind the headstone on which she had been leaning. A large laurel concealed her as she sat, and, burying her face in her hands, she heard, with that nervous tension of the ear which makes it morbidly acute, each shovelful of earth that was thrown in on the nameless coffin, and then the men's feet stamping down the mould. Each heavy rumbling sound struck on her brain like a blow. It would have been a relief to scream out, with the mere nervous torture she endured. But pain, however bitter, comes to an end. The men, whistling carelessly the while, at last had finished. They flung their tools over their shoulders, and separated, without seeing her. The young girl sat awhile before she ventured to look up; and when at last she unclasped her hands from before her eyes, she noticed that no one

was near. Then Edina crept and tottered under the shadow of some evergreens closer to the newly-covered grave, where, kneeling down, tears came to her relief. Ah! such tears as loving daughters seldom have to shed over a mother's grave, for great bitterness was mingled with them.

"Oh that I had the memory of having spoken one kind word to her—my poor unhappy mother! If no one mourns for her I do. I'll never forget her—never!"

As she sobbed out these and other incoherences of grief, she drew out the letter, already tear-stained in her frequent readings, and pausing over its principal entreaty, that she would be obedient, she said, passionately, "I will!—I am! But, oh! it's hard to obey that cruel old man; and yet—poor mother!—it is her command; she says too—Keep my secret." Her voice was choked in sobs.

Edina was, however, wrong in thinking herself alone in that part of the ground. There had been one there, mingling casually with the group round the grave, who, on the departure of the clergyman, had seen the young girl sink down behind the headstone. The clump of evergreens that had sheltered her, as she afterwards came to the very grave, had on their opposite side also screened a man from observation. He witnessed all the abandonment of her grief. He drew near enough to hear her sob out the words of the letter, and repeat the injunction to obedience. With stealthy tread he came quite close to her, and, drawing up his tall form, looked through the boughs of a cypress at the written fragment which she was reading.

With noiseless step on the soft mould he afterwards retreated, keeping Edina in view; and, taking his way along the most secluded walks, gained the gate of the cemetery, where he planted himself.

This man was changed for the better outwardly since we saw him last, for our readers recognise him. The utter shabbiness of his attire had been got rid of. He now wore a dark, military-looking undress coat, which suited his air and manner. A well-trained moustache and beard improved the somewhat soft and effeminate outline of his face; a trace of excitement might be noted in the dash of colour on the cheeks, and the steel-like gleam of his light grey eyes. To judge by his exterior, the world had fared better with him than when, at Guines, he had dogged the steps of the miserable woman now in her grave, or, by a single look into the window, terrified Mrs. Oakenshaw out of all that remained of physical or mental strength.

Near the gate of the cemetery, and commanding a view of it, was a public-house, where several of the loiterers at the recent funeral of the unknown, gave themselves an excuse for another parley over the incident at Rivercroft. One of these drinkers had a large and fierce dog with him, too fierce apparently to go at large, for a chain was to its collar; and the man, while he took his beer, had linked the chain on to a hook in the sign-post which stood in front of the trough for watering horses. The watcher at the gate of the cemetery, who had been looking about keenly, noted this little arrangement, and amused himself, as he strolled up and down, by throwing the dog, who seemed hungry, pieces

of biscuit from his pocket, much to the creature's satisfaction, who barked out his thanks so loudly that once his brutal master came from the beer and tobacco parlour, where he was holding forth, and administered a kick to the animal. The steely glittering eyes noted all this with satisfaction, but also with evident impatience, for the young mourner still lingered at the nameless grave.

"Will she never come?" he muttered, through his shut teeth.

Yes; she came at last, and with a quick step along the centre path. She discovered that she was late; so, still tremulous, she hastened with fleet but feeble steps through the gates across the open space towards the lane which led to Rivercroft. Just as she was entering the lane, the man who watched her, with a touch of his hand unseen by the bemuzzed group at the house, unloosed the dog's chain from the nail, and, stooping down, pointed with his finger to the form just receding from sight, and said, in a low tone in the creature's ear—"Hiss'se, good dog; seize her!" With a bound the animal cleared the space, irritated rather than impeded by his chain, and was in a few moments fastening upon Edina's dress, and dragging her down.

While with stupid gaze the men at the public-house startled by the rush and scream, were putting down their mugs, and staring in blank wonderment slowly about them, the author of the mischief ran as fleetly as a young man towards the scene of conflict, and arrived just as Edina, already exhausted by grief, had been borne to the ground, and was fainting with terror. A stout stick, which he held in his hand, soon sent the dog howling away, when, lifting and bearing the insensible girl to the bank at the side of the hedge, he called aloud for assistance—not, however, until he had managed to abstract from her pocket the tear-stained writing that he had seen her reading. This was not a matter of difficulty, for as he had carried her, he had to gather up the tatters of her rent dress, and could easily secure the paper.

A boy who had been improving his morals by listening at the public-house door to the talk of the party of drinkers, was the first to come to Edina's side, while the master of the dog was in chase of the poor brute.

"Why, it's one of the ladies at Rivercroft," said this boy, the same who had boasted of his sister as house-maid there.

"Call the landlady of the house yonder, boy," cried out the gentleman who was supporting Edina; and in a brief time the landlady's daughter and a maid-servant were there, to whose care, with great apparent feeling and propriety, the stranger resigned the young lady; who now, however, had opened her eyes, and began to show signs of recovery. In a few seconds she struggled to her feet, saying—

"I'm better now, thank you;" and just afterwards added, in a bewildered tone, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, miss, you aint bit, I hope."

Fortunately, she was not bitten. Her clothes were terribly torn, and she was bruised and shaken with her fall, and had been so rolled in the dust that she looked in a poor plight; but all this was as nothing compared

to a bite and its consequences. As the boy had saved Edina the trouble of saying who she was, the women suggested her going home in a fly, a proposal she gladly acquiesced in, every moment, as it restored her consciousness, making her apprehensive that she would incur displeasure for going out—her schoolgirl dread of breaking bounds yet clinging to her. It was some relief to remember that Mrs. Tregabbitt could not have returned, for Edina felt it would be an added hardship to encounter her just then.

Without any delay the carriage was ready, and, as Edina, after drinking a glass of water, felt sufficiently well to decline taking any of the womenkind of the inn with her, she thanked them and was disbursing part of the slender contents of her purse with the servants, when the boy said, "Miss, 'twas the gentleman as saved you."

"What gentleman?"

"He as beat off the dog. You'd 'a been torn to bits but for he."

"Where is he?" she inquired—a sense of the horror she had escaped filling her with gratitude.

They all looked about, expecting to see him, and their words, "He is gone," to which was added by the landlady "He called out, and gave you in charge to us," led her, as she was being driven home, to think that an attention as delicate, as it was prompt and efficient, had come in the very moment of time to her rescue.

In the quiet of her chamber, as Edina sought the comfort of ablution and change of dress, and when thus refreshed, was examining the damage done to the garb she had been wearing, all at once she thought of the contents of the pocket, and, plunging in her hand, sought for her letter—her treasured letter. Our readers know that she sought in vain. It was gone. If she had been as clairvoyant as the writer of her story, she would just then have seen the lines she had so often wept over, under the eyes of one who, seated cosily in the back parlour of a tavern some two miles off, as he puffed and quaffed, was examining the letter with great care. He said at last, in a tone of grim satisfaction, with a sarcastic sneer—

"Very spasmodic! Your hysterical women are always as ambiguous in writing as in speaking. Something of a sob gets into their fingers as well as into their throat, and impedes—yes, slightly impedes—the dear creatures' articulation. However, for me this is just right: says much vaguely, nothing clearly. Women might positively write diplomatic despatches, if they only had their rights. I shall return the dear child—dear enough, for she has cost Chrissy her life—I shall return the dear child her treasure."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### WITHOUT GUIDANCE.

EDINA'S misadventure—as it had been the result of her own perversity in strolling out alone, when she might, as Mrs. Tregabbitt asserted, have gone to the Exhibition—afforded that lady such scope for her eloquence, that, like many other renowned orators, she talked herself

into such complacency at her own wisdom that the offending girl was forgiven, after a discourse of an hour—not one word of which, I am constrained to admit, remained in Edda's memory. She did remember the kiss which, at parting for the night, Kate gave her, and the whispered words, "You have had more than enough, little one, for one day of growling and worrying. I wonder you bear it all so well."

Kate was in high spirits, and had greatly enjoyed the day. The fresh gaiety of youth was beginning to bud and blossom again after her bereavement, as the young trees in spring recover from an east wind. Had this been her mood when her young companion had first come, the barriers of reserve would have yielded like morning frost in the noon-tide ray. Not that young girls are much benefited by that outpouring of gossiping confidences that goes by the name of friendship; yet it is a perilous lot to be burdened early in life with secrets, and have no friend to confide in or take counsel with. Kate was no shallow, frivolous girl, incapable of true friendship; but, as we have seen, these two had not exactly discovered each other, and just now, when there was a dim prescience in both that the other might become a sister of the soul, they were held back and estranged. Edina, as she returned Kate's embrace, saw her sweet face lighted up, and radiant with the remembered pleasures of the day, and felt the difference of her own destiny in comparison with her happy and lovely friend yet more keenly. And Kate—all ignorant of the deep waters in which the young spirit was wading—felt disappointed that there was no evidence of sympathy in her pleasures manifested by Edda; nay, not even a young girl's natural inquisitiveness as to the incidents of the day. It was annoying—chilling. And it had been a day to be remembered, for Mr. Clipp came to take them from the Exhibition, and had driven them thence in his mother's pony-chaise. As they were going down the Knightsbridge Road homewards, a tipsy costermonger would have run his cart, and by no means despicable fast-trotting horse, right into the pony-chaise, but that a keen eye and a young, strong hand averted the impending mischief by rushing into the drive, at no small peril to himself, seizing the bride of the horse, and backing him so resolutely, that the pretty vehicle with its pair of mouse-coloured ponies, and its precious freight of four ladies—to say nothing of Mr. Clipp, the driver—were all saved from coming to grief by the opportune clutch of Gilbert Graspington on the costermonger's rein. The ladies had hardly time to scream when the danger was over, and they recognised their timely helper.

Miss Clipp, who had been so pleased on the first evening of meeting Gilbert at Rivercroft, was now both so frightened and so grateful that, to her brother's intense annoyance, she talked of nothing else during the drive homeward but the great value of presence of mind, and insinuated the praise of Gilbert in the most subtle way by speaking with surprise of the contrast he presented to his grandfather, both in look and manner. Kate said nothing; but the little scene, swift as a dream, in which she had seen Gilbert backing the invading horse on to his haunches, and driving the cart aside

while their startled ponies were soothed by the touch of the same strong hand that had prevented their being hurt. This was all distinctly photographed on her mind. For the first time, she silently agreed with Mrs. Tregabbitt's remarks that Gilbert was a fine manly youth. The open praises found an echo in her heart.

This little adventure prevented Mrs. and Miss Clipp returning to dine and spend the evening at Rivercroft, as had been proposed. They were agitated and tired, and Mr. Clipp was cross. To this cause, too, it was owing that Edina was favoured with so long a discourse on the sin of "wandering in dusty lanes, where, any one might know, it was only natural that dogs should be lying in wait to attack them, and no deliverer at hand like that capital young Graspington"—with much more to the same effect.

"No deliverer?" thought Edina, as she sat in the stillness of her room, and pondered over the events of the day, regretting that she had not thanked the gentleman to whom she was obliged, and of whom she had but the very faintest shadow of recollection—like a dim dream, that she could not put together. Fancy, of course, helped her; and an elderly man, of distinguished appearance, crossed her mental vision, but was soon dismissed in the overmastering vexation of the discovery that she had lost that memorable letter, and the dread too lest it might be found, and lead to any painful investigations.

But extreme weariness at last brought sleep—long-needed sleep—to the exhausted girl; and when, for the first time for many mornings, she was awakened by the maid tapping at her door, she rose refreshed in body, and better able to sustain the mental burden that pressed upon her.

It seemed that Edina either had taken or was assigned her part as to visits and visitors. Kate no longer pressed her to go out with them, but acquiesced in her remaining at home, with the words, "I see you really dislike visiting, and it pains you."

"Till you are less like a wild, soared thing, with eyes that remind one of a newly-caught squirrel, you'll be better at home; I'm sure of that," said Mrs. Tregabbitt. "And pray, child, do get on with my *prie-dieu* chair. I want it."

So for some days Edina was bending over her embroidery frame, while a series of visits were planned and executed by the ladies. In the evenings Mrs. Tregabbitt and Miss Ormond received their friends, the Clippes; Gerald Oakenshaw, and Gilbert Graspington also had come, each being able to contribute a voice to the songs that Miss Ormond introduced.

Once, and once only, had Edina been pressed to sing, and consented, after a grand Italian bravura by Miss Clipp, in which shakes and roulades, with a wonderfully intricate accompaniment, did duty for melody. The young girl sat down to the instrument, in the friendly twilight, and sang with much sweetness—

"My heart's in the Highlands,  
My heart is not here."

There was a pause at the close before any one uttered a word.

"Thanks," said Miss Clipp at last; adding, "it's very strange, but I never can sing any of those sort of things."

Gerald Oakenshaw handed Edina from the piano, and, in a voice heard only by her, said, "I know not how to thank you." Perhaps neither were conscious at the moment of the emotion with which the words were both uttered and heard.

A week had thus passed—workmen had been busy making alterations in the boat-house, and removing entirely the gate which led to it from the garden.

Kate, resolving to break through any lingering dislike to the arbour, on account of its proximity to the scene of the late catastrophe, had spent her early mornings there with Edina, who was not likely in that place, just at present, to overcome her pensiveness or reserve, or the vexation which the loss of her letter gave her.

It happened that Mrs. Clipp gave a party, to which Mrs. Tregabbitt and Miss Ormond were invited, and were, of course, urged to spend the night there. "And if, Edina, you want company," said Mrs. Tregabbitt, "I've half a mind to ask Mrs. Keziah Crabbe to come and be your companion."

"Oh, pray do not!" cried Edina, with such animation that Kate said, laughing, "Well, if you won't join in pleasant company, it's too bad to force on you that which is unpleasant. Let us leave our little wayward trembler, *chère mère*, to her own society. I fancy she prefers it."

The last words were said carelessly, as Kate left the arbour to dress. She did not see the tears that beaded the long lashes of Edina's downcast eyes, or heed the half-reproachful quiver of her lips. For, in fact, just then Kate was both busy and perplexed; her pleasures were nearly as embarrassing as Edda's sorrows. The consciousness of being loved is never a matter of indifference to a very young girl. The difficulty of clearly disentangling her own thoughts—and, if it might be, reading her own heart—is then first made apparent. Kate was aware that she had already with difficulty parried a declaration from Mr. Clipp—a declaration she deemed precipitate; indeed, her pride had whispered—presumptuous.

Meanwhile she had caught herself, more frequently than she could justify, contrasting Gilbert Graspington with him, and then remembering, with an angry blush, that he had not by word or deed made any demonstration of attention. Mrs. Clipp noticed him very graciously, and Miss Clipp had half insinuated a cause for his coming—a cause Miss Ormond could not perceive, though, if he were really seeking Miss Clipp, who must be, certainly, five or seven years his senior, why, what was all that to her? Dissatisfied with herself, and by no means sure that in attempting to dive into her own heart she had not rather troubled its depths than cleared them, she felt sadly how a mother's counsel would then have helped her.

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS."—We shall be glad to receive any lists which may still be out, as it is desirable to close the account without further delay. A statement of the fund will shortly be laid before our readers.—  
Ed. QUIVER.